

Beautiful Monster

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Beautiful Monster

by [Moonstruckidiot](#)

Summary

After the slaying of the dragon Chiyoh and Hannibal spirit Will away to a cabin (so far so original). Chiyoh thinks it would be best if Will was dead, Hannibal doesn't agree. After he has wakes up from a fever Will has a bath and Hannibal gets a bit handsy (he has an ulterior motive not really evident until the end). Will agrees to runaway with Hannibal. A very happy Hannibal and a very piss off Jack. Molly is asked for a divorce.

Notes

I'm new to writing and this is only my second work, its better than my first (I hope so anyway).

This turned more into Hannigram and potentially Murder Husbands than I had originally intended. Its really fluffy, no sex (sorry folks, I know my limits and my writing skills are just not up to it). This is potentially part one of a series, I have already plotted out part two and its is a lot less fluffy, more diabolical really.

Any mistakes are mine etc etc etc

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It could almost feel like a hug, her back against a strong chest, an arm cradling her jaw another lying gently on her head. Moving a few strands of her hair he brings his lips to her ear, she can feel his breath, "Wishing you'd done a better job of killing him?" he whispers. Chiyoh knows Hannibal would, without hesitation or regret, snap her neck and discard her like a once loved rag doll. She remains motionless, not panicked like prey would be. "No, Hannibal," she replies slowly, "I wish you had just eaten him." Feeling the vibration of his chuckle against her ear and the slight relaxing of his arms, she adds calmly, "it would have saved us all a great deal of trouble." He releases her from their embrace then warns, "Chiyoh, I trust you won't try anything else." She gives him her oath. Today, she decides, is not her day to die.

"Where he is concerned," Chiyoh motions towards the man in the wooden bed at whose foot they stand, "your reason is flawed, you caged yourself for him" her tone sharpening slightly on the last few words. Hannibal walks over and places the back of this hand on Will Graham's forehead, "His fever should break soon," he murmurs to himself before turning back to Chiyoh, "up until that point there were many forks in the road, that moment fated his becoming." Shaking her head slightly she says, "You romanticise him, he'll be your undoing." Hannibal turns away from her, "Then so be it." Chiyoh stalks out the room, like a tigress protecting her young but knowing the time will soon come to abandon them.

Will's eyes flutter open briefly. Calmly Hannibal calls to him, "you have a fever, you're safe, look for me Will." He takes the unconscious man's cold, clammy hand in his own and whispers, "take my hand I'll help you back." Hours pass, then Hannibal feels his hand being latched onto and pulled, he clasps tightly. "Wake up, Will," he repeats until he is staring into darting, bewildered eyes. Tentatively Hannibal places his hand on his friend's cheek, "Your safe now" he says reassuringly. He sighs expelling the twist of disappointment which caught in his chest when Will shrank away from his touch.

"You've had a fever I just need to do a few checks, tell me what your name is?" asks Hannibal

"Will Graham," comes the barely audible response.

"What year is it?"

"2015"

"What is the last thing you remember?"

"We killed the dragon"

"What is my name?"

"Winston," a faint smile on Will's lips

"Ok," says Hannibal tension disappearing from his face, "I think your brain is working fine."

"How are you feeling?" asks Hannibal as he stands in front of the window near the bed.

"Smashed, like I was stabbed and fell off a cliff," Will says pain pulsing in his shoulder. "You seem fine though," he adds as if he wouldn't have expected anything else.

Hannibal opens the curtains wide, before unlocking the windows scattering cobwebs as he does so, he shakes his head mumbling something about cleanliness.

"Did you have to do that," asks Will grouchy as the sun streams in, "my eyes are having enough trouble focusing."

“Will, as you know I have a particularly sensitive nose, and let’s just say you’ve not bathed for a while,” says Hannibal unapologetically.

Colour rises up Will’s neck, “Oh, God, Hannibal I’m sorry.”

“It’s only natural but I’d be grateful if, after lunch, you might let me help you to the bathroom.” Will nods his head, “Yes, of course”.

Will moves the old patchwork quilt which has been covering him aside. He sits at the edge of the bed and tries to stand his limbs feel heavy like they could drag him down to the dusty wooden floorboards. He decides to use the headboard for stability and he pulls himself up then once in an upright position rubs the bridge of his nose hoping to focus his eyes. An arm curls round his shoulder, “let me help,” says Hannibal with firmness. Will allows himself to be led to the bathroom. The room is small and functional its tub marked and chipped with age but the water is deep and the rising steam confirms it is warm which, if Will were asked, is all that is really required. Will is directed to a small white stool, “you should be able to manage from here,” says Hannibal as he turns to leave.

Hannibal is just crossing back through the door frame when he hears a weak, hoarse voice ask, “Can you help me, please?” He catches his breath and running his hand through his hair quickly calculates the best course of action, he should find an excuse. He’s not sure if he can trust himself with Will like this but that voice is like a siren’s call difficult for him to resist. “Of course”, he says placidly, “what can I do,” as he turns towards the man, who barely able to stand, is asking him to help remove his shirt. He takes the hem of the garment, “arms up Will,” before gently tugging it over the curly brown hair. Will’s head comes to rest against his chest and Hannibal feels an arm loop around his neck. 'This is not good', he thinks, 'not good at all', before him he sees his hand grasp the pale neck, hears the crack of skull slammed against wall, registers fear in those beautiful blue eyes as his own voice states calmly, it’s your fault Will, what did you expect? Hannibal blinks and looks down at barely open eyes, he dare not touch him, 'not even to twist those curls around my fingers' he taunts himself. “Will, you really do need to bathe,” he injects just enough disdain into his voice to make the sleepy man move away. “Okay, yeah, sure,” Will says quietly. Hannibal doesn’t watch the unsteady way in which Will slips off his shorts and steps into the bath, instead he straightens his clothes taking slow breathes in and out. His jaw relaxes, the creases around his eyes soften he’s relieved he hasn’t spoilt the possibility of Will giving his love freely.

Will allows his eyes to close, putting his head back on the towel Hannibal has thoughtfully placed on the rim of the metal tub. When he opens them the good doctor is sitting on the small stool, “I Just want to make sure you don’t lose consciousness again,” he says in a detached professional voice, “but only if you are comfortable with me being here.” Their eyes meet, Will understands the rational it would be stupid now with all he’s been through to drown in the bath. Objecting would make things easier on them both in the long term though. The man is in love with him, he has this beautiful monster’s heart in his hand and Will knows it would be wise to hold it with care. He acknowledges to himself he shouldn’t have asked for help with his clothing but it had felt nice, on the cliff, when he had laid his head against Hannibal’s chest and he’d wanted to feel that again. Will was too tired to think through his feelings towards Hannibal and the implications of letting him stay, so with a wan smile he replies good naturedly, “OK, Doctor, but you do look like an overgrown pixie sat there.” It has been a while since he’s heard that particular melodious chuckle and Will realises just how much he had missed it. He allows his eyelids to close again, knowing that he is being

examined inch by inch, the curve of his neck, slope of his shoulders, length of his limbs, the way each hair lay, the exact placement and size of every mole and scar recorded meticulously to be reproduced with care at a later date. It does though amuse Will to think that he might be depicted as some Greek statue or Roman god, just with better muscles than found on his current scrawny form.

'This soap isn't good enough', thinks Hannibal to himself, as he looks at the cracks deeply engrained in the bar he holds, 'but it will have to do', he sighs, vaguely wishing for something with olive oil and lemon. He wasn't sure if Will would allow himself to be washed but he'd been quite compliant so far, which Hannibal admits to himself, is a pleasant change. When he'd soaped Will's back the pads of his fingers grazed the skin and there had been no pulling away or warnings to stop. He'd been allowed to apply, an admittedly inadequate lather, to those lovely curls and again there were no complaints. Once he'd finished rinsing the suds out of Will's hair, Hannibal moves his hands in long strokes down the exposed neck finding tension knots at the shoulders. He muses on how he'll enjoy drawing that neck and those shoulders and the way the hair curls at the nape. What would be the response, he wonders if he slowly ran the tip of his tongue up that neck, a soft moan or expletives.

Eye lids flutter open several times just to close again. 'Yep,' Will thinks, 'that is Hannibal the Cannibal the monster feared by millions, giving me a foot massage. How the fuck did that happen? Fate? He certainly believes so he's more romantic than I would have thought... I need to take control back here otherwise... Uh ooh, what is he doing, I should stop this, actually that's quite good, no that's really good, oh, can't let him know that though. Maybe I should distract myself, Ok, Molly, uh, no not a good idea, fishing err not distracting enough, Jack going incendiary when he finds out we killed the Dragon together, yeah, that's just funny. Oh fuck, he's touching the scar on my stomach I should really stop this now. I'll open my eyes now. OK, that's just weird, ugh I can feel his teeth...'

"You could have just asked, you know," says Will as he watches Hannibal take his wedding ring out of his mouth.

"I thought that was much more fun, didn't you?" says Hannibal winking at Will as he slips the thin gold band into his trouser pocket, "You should get out now before the water goes cold."

"You bastard," says Will shaking his head but not able to suppress a grin.

Will is sat on the edge of the bed, he is now fully clothed Hannibal is handing him a pill, "It's just an antibiotic, and you need to finish the course." Will swallow's it down with some water, "Hannibal" he pronounces the name carefully. If he looked up now he would see amusement in Hannibal's eyes but he's looking intently at the bedspread and picking at some fluff. "Yes, Will," Hannibal replies a smile curling his lips up slightly, "what would you like to talk about." Will pauses, his eyes narrow, as he tries to find the right words, "what happened in the bathroom, it err, I don't want you to think, what I'm trying to say is..." Hannibal sits down next to Will, 'you can look me in the eyes whilst gutting a man,' he thinks, 'but can't do the same when talking about sex, it is quite charming really.' "Sex, Will, is that what you want to talk about," asks Hannibal enjoying the discomfort he's created. "Yes, no, fuck it," Will looks up wishing there was a dagger to hand, "I saw the passion in your eyes when we stood on the cliff, I think you want more than I can give." Hannibal nods in understanding and with warmth in his voice says, "I saw passion in your eyes too, and I don't

think you find it unpleasant when I touch you.” If, at that moment, the ground opened up Hannibal is sure Will would happily jump in. “Do you mind if I just take your hand, Will?” asks Hannibal not to be deterred now the subject is in the open. “Does that feel okay?” Will nods slightly, “Then that is where we will start.” Yawning Will retracts his hand and says, “I think I’ll just lie down here, I’m very tired” as he settles down embryo like on the bed. Hannibal reaches once more for his hand, “It’s quite pleasant outside, why don’t we sit on the veranda for a while.” Will rubs his eyes, “Ok, just for a while.”

Hannibal places a blanket around Will, then sits down next to him, “You’re not angry with me?” says Will self-consciously.

“What about,” asks Hannibal curiosity crinkling his eyes

“For the fall, the sea”

“There was no fall, Will, no sea,” Hannibal replies softly

“But, I, we” says Will confused

“No, you fell unconscious in my arms when we stood above the bluff, Chiyoh and I got you back in the house, I hastily tended to our wounds and then we left quickly. I blame myself for your infection.”

“I can’t believe it,” says Will hesitantly, “it was so real.”

“It was your mind projecting what was your wish at the time.”

They sit quietly for a while, Will allowing Hannibal’s reassurances to seep in. Hannibal places his arm on Will’s shoulders gently pulling him closer, “I have made arrangements to leave here in the early hours of the morning,” he pauses, “I have found a place in the middle of nowhere, far from here. There’ll be plenty of fresh air, good food and exercise and maybe one or two dogs, will you accompany me?” Will settles his head on Hannibal’s shoulder, his eye lids growing heavy. “Are we running away together?” he asks drowsily. “Yes, we are,” Hannibal replies. “Just don’t buy me flowers,” says Will as he falls asleep.

Chiyoh steps quietly onto the veranda, crouching down she looks at Will’s hand lying on Hannibal’s thigh, “It looks like you’ve won,” she says. “Yes, for now at least,” Hannibal replies with a smile which makes his eyes shine brightly in the night.

Several weeks later...

Jack Crawford jumps out of the black car and heads for the cabin, shouting “Tell me,” to the person closest to him. “It looks like after they killed Dolarhyde, Hannibal and an unknown female brought a wounded Will here. There is evidence of antibiotic shots being given and sedatives” he’s quickly informed. “Sedatives what kind of sedatives” barks Jack. “Mild ones, just enough to make someone drowsy not enough to make them unconscious or impair decision making, if that’s what you’re thinking,” says Alana Bloom, she continues, “it looks like Hannibal took good care of Will, no violence was used, my guess he’s left with him willingly.” Jack looks at the letter addressed to him carefully propped up in the middle of a shabby dining table, he opens the envelope and a ring drops into his hand. Jack stands reading the letter before kicking the table and exclaiming, “That fucking son of a bitch.” Alana takes the sheet of paper from his hand and reads,

Dear Jack

I would be grateful if you could return this ring to Molly and advise her of the desirability of a divorce.

Please convey my heartfelt wishes for her and her son's continued good health.

Sincerest regards,
Hannibal Lecter

"It looks like Hannibal check mated us and stole off with our white knight," says Alana somewhat aggrieved, "I can just see Freddie Lounds headlines."

End Notes

I dithered about whether or not Hannibal taking Wills hand was a bit twee, but decided, as long as he was able to resist his urges to throw Will against the wall and have his wicked way with him, he'd probably be quite the gentleman so hand-holding it is.

Will, that aint no antibiotic!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

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